

BALLYHOO

JUNE

15 CENTS

1932



"Let's send out for a picture puzzle!"



"I always duck Duckies"

"I can't afford to take chances with my verce. That's why I duck Duckies. In fact, I don't smoke at all, but what the hell, a lady must live!"

Sophie Zilch

OH, WHAT A PAL WAS SOPHIE!

Ask the 7th Regiment! Have you seen Sophie in her new Minsky burlesque, "Rosie Cheeks from Wheeling?" And not one cent was paid for her statement. That's why she's suing us.

"It's Boasted"

Boasting is a secret advertising process which keeps you thinking Ducky Wuckies are the nuts. It's our protection against that harsh irritant, falling sales.

She was Behind the Times!

SHE needed someone to tell her why the boys never took her to dog fights, or roller skating. She needed someone to explain why everybody laughed when she stooped to pick up something. Unfortunately not even a good friend is willing to mention the matter of fannitosis (large beams), the unforgivable social fault, so what can a poor gal do about it?



Before going out again, end fannitosis (large beams)

Science shows that Blisterine Rub is now the swiftest of reducers—it gets right at the seat of your trouble

It is your safest and most delightful aid in overcoming fannitosis (large beams), the unforgivable social fault. Use it morning, noon and night, and between times.

Immediate Effect

Ninety per cent of fannitosis is caused by sitting. Sitting at bridge tables, sitting at luncheons, sitting in speakeasies, sitting in auto-

mobiles, sitting on your husband, on the children, on the servants.

Puts You On Your Toes

Blisterine looks innocent, but when you apply it—oh boy! You won't do much sitting down! In fact, you'll dance upstairs and downstairs, all over the house.

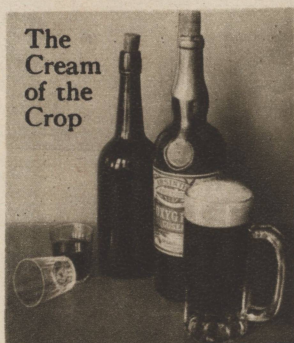
You'll dance to meet your husband when he comes home. You'll dance to the store, to the movies, and you'll stand up at the movies! And in this way, you will get rid of fannitosis.



IS THIS WHAT OUR LIQUOR ADS WILL

Build Sturdy Young Bodies like these!

BURP'S BEER is more than a drink. It contains vitamins I. O. U. and also A. W. O. L. Feed your loved ones Burp's Beer and watch their little bodies fill out and out and out!



MADE IN AMERICA

Burp's Beer is made from the cream of the hop crop. No other beer can equal its fresh fragrant taste, and through our patented burping process, all harsh irritants have been removed. Burp's Beer comes



BURP'S BEER BUILDS BETTER BABIES

wrapped in cellophane, as fresh as it left the brewery. You're full of hops when you drink Burp's Beer.

Tune in Friday on W.J.Z. and hear the Hoppiness Boys.

THEY LAUGHED WHEN I GOT UP TO SPEAK

but their laughter turned to astonishment when I held them spellbound with my oratory!



The boys didn't know I had it in me! "How did you ever do it?" they asked. "It was easy," I replied, "I simply clipped the coupon offering a case of Monogram on trial. Then I drank the whiskey, conquered my shyness and—well you heard me!"

What this man did YOU can do! Try a case of Monogram, and if you can't lick your weight in wildcats, we'll refund your money!



CLIP THE COUPON NOW

Monogram Co.,
Rye, New York
Gentlemen:

I am troubled with shyness. Send me your trial case of Scotch. It is understood that if it does not produce results, I may return the empty bottles.

LIKE WHEN PROHIBITION IS REPEALED?

A New Plan
for Contr

*Sleep tonight this
new easy way....
without Drugs*

Fall asleep the moment
you hit the floor!

Do you toss about at night? Do you worry about little things, such as the Chinese war, the depression, and your wife running away with the chauffeur?



Don't Do It!

Just before retiring, take a bottle of Brady's Brandy and you'll sleep like a log! Take two bottles!

Brady's Brandy

"The Brandy That's Candy"



*"It so happens...
I don't drink,*

BUT, I've been asking all my friends what kind of Giggle Water they prefer, and would you believe it, my dear, they are all switching to Burp's Bourbon."

Burp's Bourbon is the mildest money can buy, yet it satisfies—oh boy! Burp's Bourbon is the best because it is ripened in the sunshine and because it has that rich aroma. That is why so many people are switching to . . .

BURP'S BOURBON



IS THIS WHAT OUR LIQUOR ADS WILL

KEEP KISSABLE

with

GOLDEN GLOW

CHAMPAGNE



YOU, too, may have a charming personality. Simply guzzle Golden Glow several times a day and you will be amazed at the results. You will feel full of vim, vigor and vitality, and you will be surrounded by thirsty admirers all the time.

he
fact, the more
fuller you look!"

"NOT A BURP IN A BAR-LOAD"



**Not one cent was paid to Miss Glutz for this testimonial. The pay-off was by the Quart.*

"HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!"

Says Gloria Glutz, now playing in
"UNCLE TOM'S PENTHOUSE"

ROYAL RAZZBERRY SCOTCH is **KIND** to your **LIVER**, because it is treated with our exclusive **BOASTING PROCESS** which removes all harsh irritants.

REACH FOR A ROYAL

Protect your liver against cheap brands of Scotch. A false liver is a great invention, but stick to your own as long as you can.



Use
the Royal
Road to
Ruin.

BE LIKE WHEN PROHIBITION IS REPEALED?

A New Plan . . . for Control of Colds



Here, briefly, is the new Gordongin Plan

1. *Before a Cold Starts*

Take a good stiff drink.
Well, you can't fly with
one wing. Take another.
Well, just *one* more.

Then another to the bes'
lil wom'n in the worl'.
After this treatment, if
your cold isn't cured, at
least you are!

2. *After a Cold Starts*

Now, one more. Now,
one on the house. Then
one for dear old Rutgers.

The New Plan

*This man has a ter-
rible cold, but after
trying the Gordon-
gin plan he doesn't
give a damn.*



"I learned from a Jiu-Jitsu expert how to hold my husband —and why so many women fail"



"I'M convinced we wives grow careless — that our husbands watch our movements much more than we think. I realized it—not a moment too soon—and it was my Jiu-Jitsu expert who warned me: 'Keep your muscles young — that muscular look is what husbands fear.'"

* * * *

Don't neglect your half-Nelsons, toe-holds or rabbit punches. How can you expect to hold your husband if you haven't a firm clutch on him?

Take Jiu-Jitsu lessons NOW and give your hands that firm grip by using Balmolive.

*Teari
Hairi*

Tokio



"Hang on to your hubby," says Teari Hairi, the celebrated Jiu-Jitser, "and keep soap suds in his eyes so that he can't see to get away."



SHORT SHORT VERSE

DEPRESSION

Guys who had shekels
Are now nursing nekels.

NEWS NOTE

Gals who are seraphic
Never get in the Geraphic.

Gals who are nifties
Have apts. in the Fifties.

Gals who wear scanties
Never have to live in shanties.
—Leo Townsend.

RAIN CARGO

Climates sultry
Foster adultery.

OPEN CONFESSION

Nothing's easier
Than verses like theasier

OUT, DAMNED SMUTI

Ballyhoo imitators
Are self eliminators.

DON'T BEND DOWN, SISTERS! LOOK UP!

Did the bears frighten baby?

Did the wolves don Granny's
heliotrope pajamas and gulp down
the legacies and nibble up the codi-
cils?

Did daddy dash home from melon-
cutting headquarters and mutter—
"I'm cleaned—and not with nap-
tha!"?

Did naughty attorneys hemstitch
your penthouse lease and picot your
sables?

Is your toothbrush moulting?

Don't be depressed.

Arrange a nest of cooked noodles,
oriole fashion, and garnish with drip-
pings from the repaired waffle iron
cord, hanging-moss fashion, and
place in most any tree top.

Look up

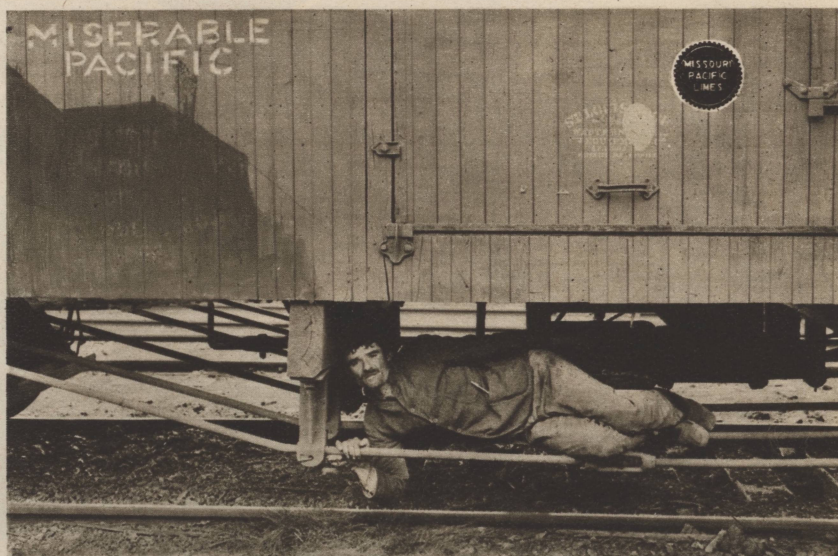
Listen to the orioles!

They will be chuckling.

This is a great exercise for the
chin, sisters!

—Marie S. Cullinan.

PROSPERITY BOUND



If prosperity is just around
the corner, meet it half-
way! Jump on a train . . .
go some place!

Take the "Cynic Limited,"
for example. See all the
pretty billboards from St.
Louis to San Francisco!

See the Horlick cows graz-
ing along the road to Manda-
lay. Get an eye-full on the
Miserable-Pacific, the rocky
road to perdition! Our cin-
ders are the biggest in the
whole United States.

And as for service! The
picture above shows one of
the Miserable-Pacific custom-
ers taking advantage of the
"Open Air" route, so popular
now with Brokers, Bank
Presidents and Judges. "You
can't go wrong on the Miser-
able-Pacific!"



"A Service Institution"

“I’ve never had a Ride
like this—”



says *Killer Zilch*



FAMOUS RACKETEER TELLS STORY OF FAMOUS RIDE

● “I’ve given thousands of boids de woiks,” says James Montgomery (Killer) Zilch. “I’ve taken ’em for rides in everything from a Rulls Reryce to a tin lizzie, but never have I seen a buggy anything like de De Soso for

giving ’em the business.

“Its as easy to control as a city government, as silent as a district attorney, and as fast as a disappearing Judge.

“It’s three machine guns are vibration proof, and it is

furnished throughout with bullet-proof glass.

“Temporary coffins on each side make it nice and roomy.

“Let me take you for a ride some day. You’ve got a great thrill coming.”

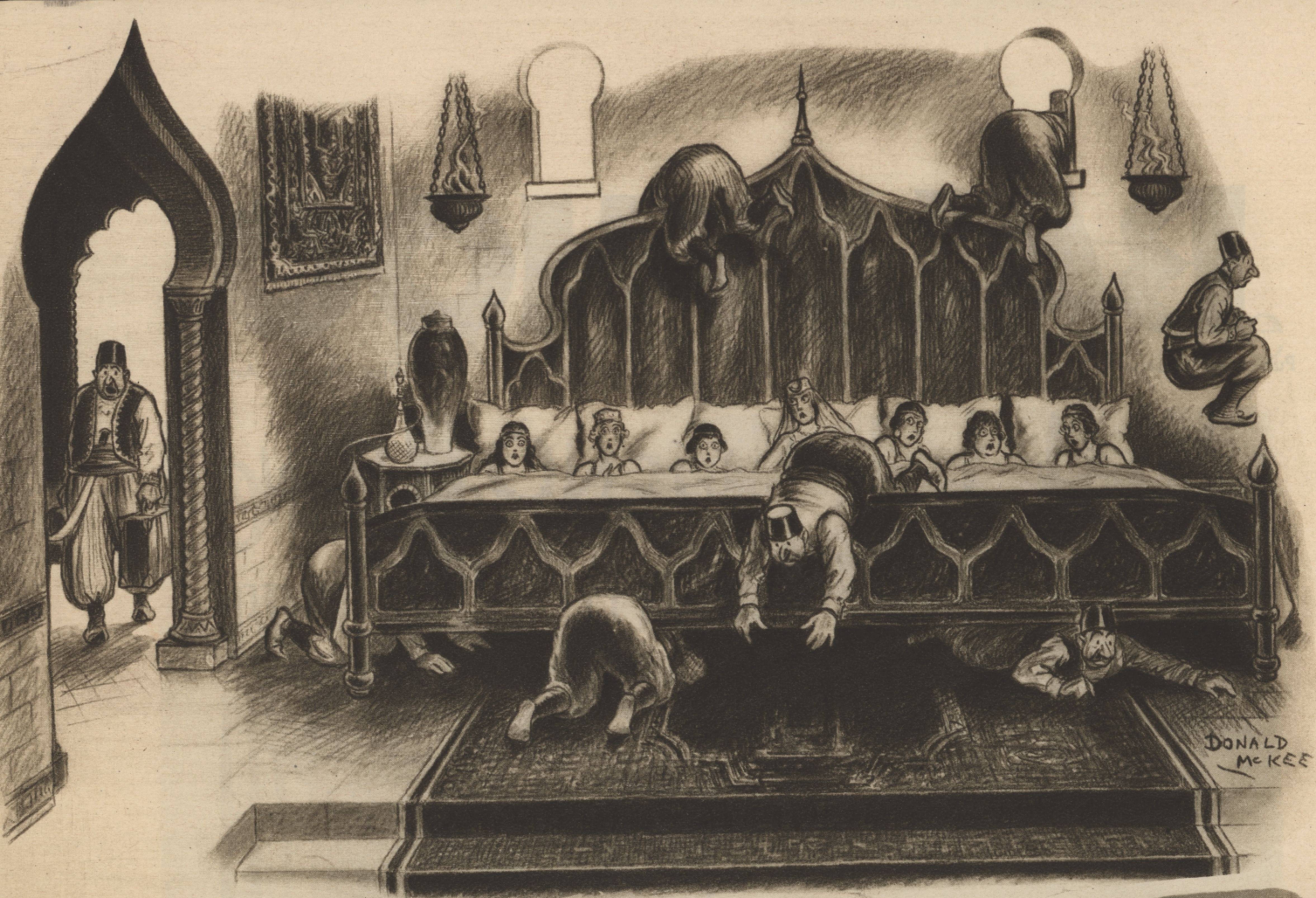
The One-Way Car DE SOSO SIX \$666 F. O. B.
(Full of Bullets)

BALLYHOO

Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr.

Editor, Norman Anthony





"I missed the Bagdad train, my dears."

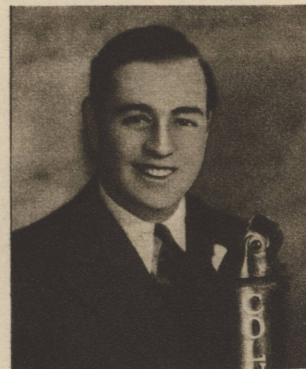
"Oh, Mrs. Murglethorpe, if I only had your chest!"



"Slimness is all right, but personally, I prefer a curve here and there."

THE GREAT MATCH CONTEST!

10,000 (COUNT 'EM) PRIZES!



MATCH YOUR FAVORITE RADIO STAR!

The object of this colossal contest is to pick a suitable adjective in the right hand column below and match it with the name of a radio star in the left hand column.

Remember, the correct adjectives are *not*

opposite the correct names *NOW*. They must be switched around to fit. Then after you have switched the names around, write a 10,000 word essay on "What I Like About the Radio."

RUDY VALLEE	PUNK
BING CROSBY	LOUSY
RUSS COLUMBO	PUNK
KATE SMITH	MARVELOUS
TONY WONS	LOUSY
MORTON DOWNEY	PUNK
AMOS 'N' ANDY	LOUSY

To the bright little readers who match the most names and adjectives correctly, and write the best 10,000 word essays on "What I Like About the Radio," Ballyhoo will give 10,000 prizes! We haven't decided yet what the prizes shall be. Editor Zilch is for yachts whereas Ass. Editor Burp is holding out for Rolls Royces. However you can trust Ballyhoo to crash through with something colossal like toothpicks, or maybe sticks of gum.



SMOKE
ADMIRAL
CIGARETS

"Tch, tchl What a way to run a railroad!"

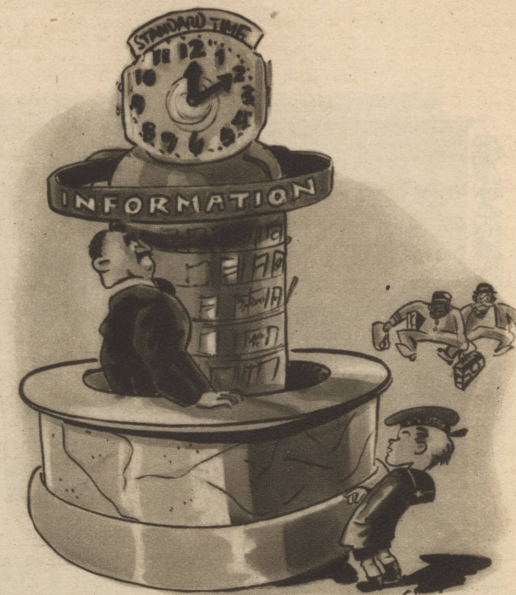
RALPH
FULLER
+ W.F.



"Hurray, my blurb won the Balm Olive Shaving Soap Contest!"



"Get hot!"



"Hey, Pop, where do babies come from?"



"Every article must be inspected before it leaves the factory! Never let it be said that a Twombly Toothpick was ever ignored!"



AGAIN BALLYHOO FREE LESSONS

WHAT with our best families acting in such an outlandish manner; our European Royalty fast going into the discard, the average citizen is hard put to decide just how to conduct himself in perfect propriety. Acknowledging

Just when and where to leave calling cards is a vexing question. Some believe in slipping it down the front of the hostess' dress, while others prefer to secrete it in the butler's pants. Our advice is not to have any.
P.S.—We don't mean pants.



Here, we have the escort in a tough spot.



Note the graceful positions of this Park Avenue group. The toothpick should be held in the right hand with the little finger extended coyly. When eating fruit never bite off more than half the apple at once, as this causes that social faux pas known as burping.



POURING TEA
AT FIVE O'CLOCK

CRASHES THROUGH! IN ETIQUETTE!

this deplorable state of affairs, and feeling that there should be a renaissance of culture and manners, Ballyhoo herewith presents to its readers a series of Etiquette lessons by the famous Etiquettarian Milly Hitching Post.



Stay on the outside so you can duck.



Many girls wonder if it is proper to take an escort's arm. Sure, girls, take an arm, a leg, a bankroll—anything you can lay your mits on. Take him by the neck if necessary, and hang on.



If your hostess should serve real tea, do not embarrass her by saying "Migawd — no gin?"



Leaving the spoon in the cup is exceedingly dangerous as one is apt to lose an eye, and one should take great care not to overload one's fork as this, bends the prongs out of shape. Note that the gentlemen have their napkins tucked in their collars and not in their vests.



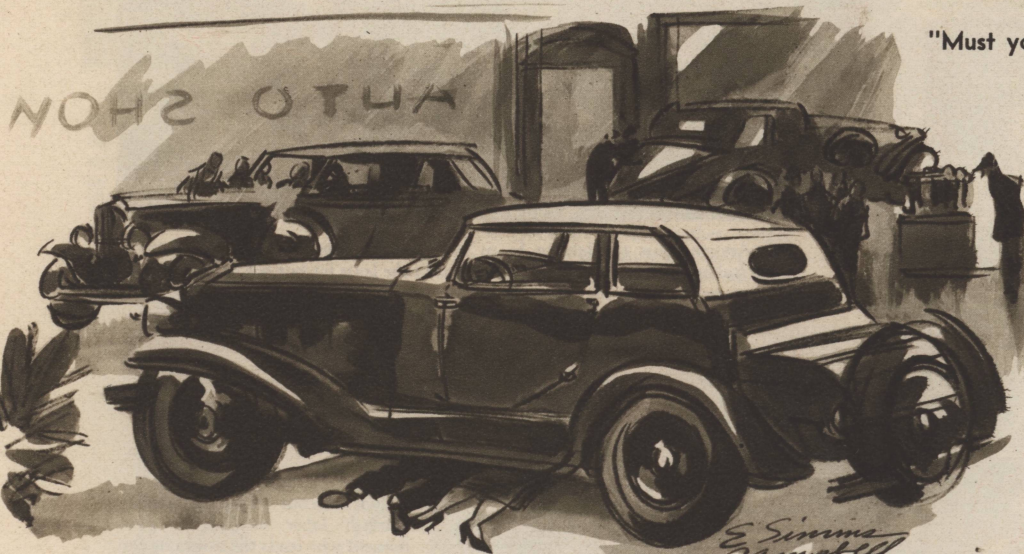
"Boo hool I want my mammal"



"What this country needs is a good two way microphone!"



"Must you do your practising so early in the morning?"



"What are its other features, Mr. Schmaltz?"



"Bah, the same old walk every day. I'm getting in a rut!"

SPORTS CROWNS MENACED IN 1932 OLYMPICS

Local and Foreign Threats Perfect
Attacks for Pan-Greaseball Struggle

By Grantland Zilch-Hanemann



M. Jaun Dargaineratz and M. Etchemond Eskualuerray set their routine in the ancient Basque pastime of Bourrouskougaraya. Bourrouskougaraya is similar to the Scotch game of curling except that it is played upon a lawn sprinkled with broken glass and you use your partner as a broom.

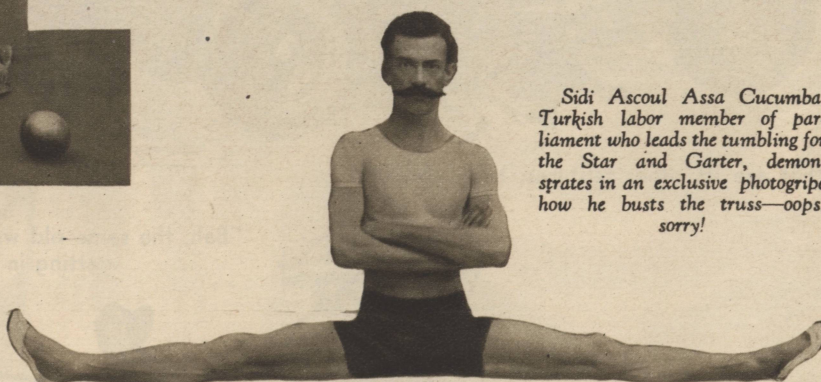
Confidential information from Worcestershire sources together with these conclusive-exclusive action pictures prompts us to predict that world's records in the 1932 Olympics will reach a new low. Though still early in the season for good, edible golden bantam, there is little doubt over Skvip Haagequvist's, Federated Malay States calabash fancy carving champion, retaining Samuel Untermyer (I. A. A. C.)—ah, nuts!



Arriving just too late to be in time for the winter Olympics, the Italian Somaliland bob-sled outfit wasn't the least bit put out as it never snows where they come from, anyway. Unless deported, they will enter the same team in barnyard imitations and throwing the provolone.



A novelty this year will be presented in the grapefruit-testing contest between the Polish Corridor, Siam, the non-singing Don Cossacks and a bunch of the boys from Eaves Costume Co. Picture shows Rioli-Poili-Gioli (I. A. A. C.) as Langhorne Zilch or the Black Prince, practicing with his own set of domestic Edam cheeses.



Sidi Ascoul Assa Cucumba, Turkish labor member of parliament who leads the tumbling for the Star and Garter, demonstrates in an exclusive photogripe how he busts the truss—oops, sorry!



Eulalia Frostbite (McCreedy College of Chiropractic) receiving the congratulations from the dean of women for throwing her chest 141 feet, 9 inches. A good heave, but she'll have to do better than that if she expects to bust out ahead of those big Czecho-Slovakian mammas.



Gertrude, Eleanor, Agnes and Eleanor Rollmops, Kraut relay mermaids limber up recalcitrant bunions on the deck of the sister ship S. S. Cathartic while a crowd of admiring stokers make suggestive remarks. If she trips on that rope, each of these hotsies is good for a busted record.



Puss Golombo and "Juicy" Crawford, America's marathon crooning duo who expect to keep their world's title (and they can have it) by singing "Was That The Human THING To Do?" 8,954,323 consecutive times. The crooning stand on rollers is their own invention.



Captain Zilchnikoff (U. S. S. R.) noses out a team mate in a fast round of still-pond-no-more-moving. Russia has entered the only still pond team competing in the Olympics in the mother tongue. To the left is the captain's spare beard which follows him everywhere.



Digging one dozen cherrystone clams on the half shell with lemon and horseradish in the almost unbelievable time of fourteen seconds flat in 1928, Digger Clammy Digges, representing England from far-off New Zealand, demonstrates the approach-forcing system he will use against his closest rival, the full-blooded Shinnecock Indian, Little Neck.



Training exclusively upon natural gas makes the crack harriers of the Florence Crittenden Local No. 12 correspondingly light on their feet. Though unquestionably Olympic material, they refuse to wear shoes and it's a tough job getting this fast, tricky aggregation down to brass tacks.



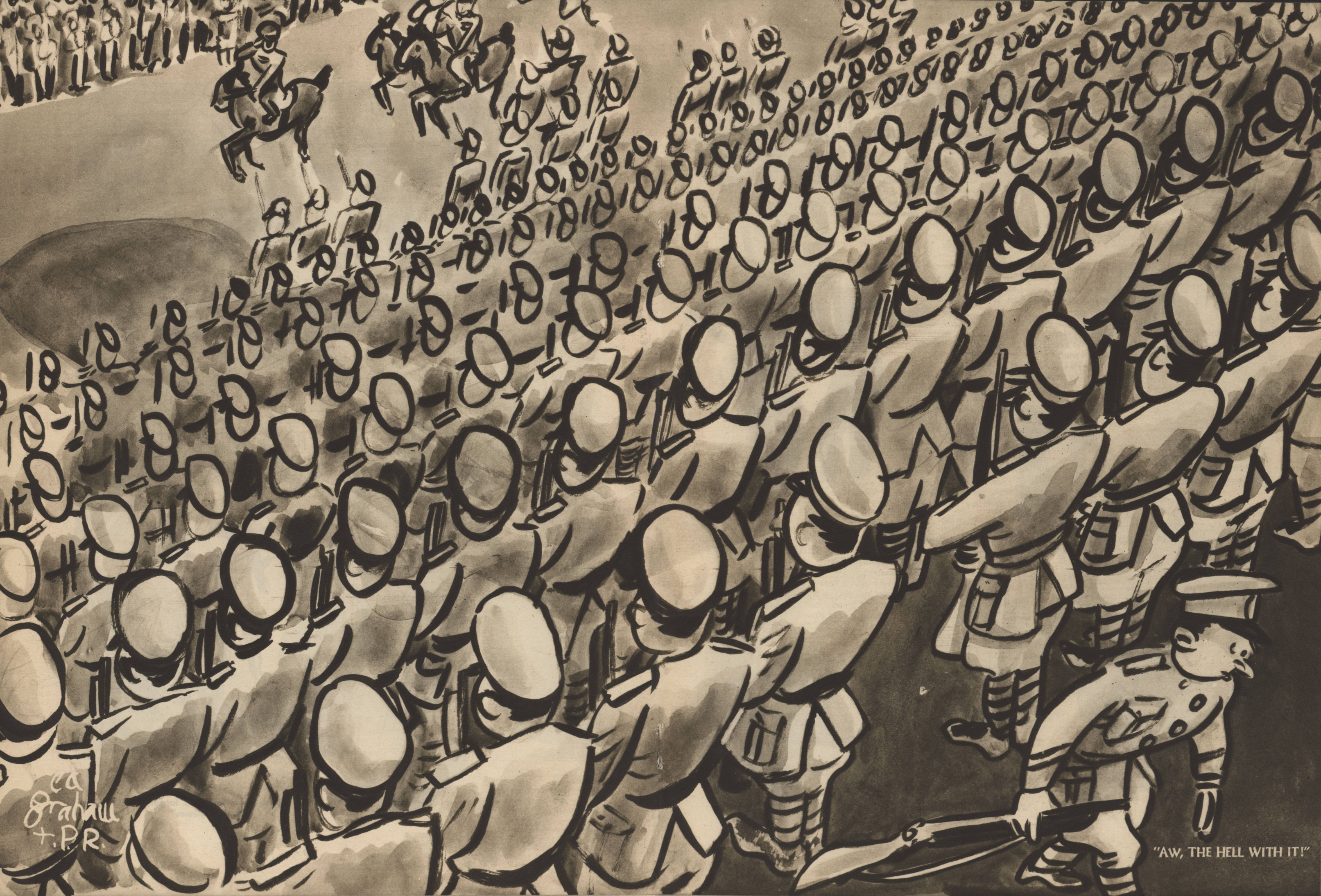
As they bring in their evening repast of planked Pup-E-Ration, the Esthonian Unmarried Mothers Roller Skating and Epee Team sing "Epee Days Are Here Again." Always kidding, they never get a hell of a lot of work done, but then, as the old adage says, "foils will be foils."



"Have you any beer
on draught?"



"Heavens, Davenport, you forgot to take
off your glasses"



Graham
T.P.R.

"AW, THE HELL WITH IT!"

Paul Revere's Glide

By John Hume

Stick with the party and you shall hear
Of the vanderbiltarno of Paul Revere—
How Paul, inspired by a forty-five
And a prime fixation to stay alive
Made a terrible bum of the Stratosphere.

He said to a gal, "Since we never know
Who's winchelling-in on the phone at night,
I've thought of a way for your radio
To tell if the set-up is wrong or right—
Just tune in a woman to mean 'All clear'
And a man to signal, 'No dice—he's here!'
And I on the opposite side will wait,
Smoking M'NURADS in my PTUICK EIGHT (Adv.)
'Till I get the dope on your jealous mate."



But the jealous mate said, "I'm aware
That the modern slogan is 'I WILL SHARE' (Donated)
But I draw the line at philanthropy
Developing into geometry.

Domestic circles have always been
Triangulated by gigs and gin,
And to square the matter I gravely fear
I must cancel x!" Meaning Paul Revere.

At quarter of eight by the
HELOVA clock (Adv.)
Friend Husband had loaded
himself and gun;
The PTUICK came clattering
down the block (No Adv.)
And promptly the better-half
tried to get
A program in on the FAGA
set (Adv.)

With a masculine voice that
would signal "Run!"





So she dialled the SCRAM-EL
QUARTER HOUR (Joke)
As someone concluded his blah-
blah-blah
With a syrupy, "Are yuh lis-
tenin'? Hah-h-h?" (No joke)
And set the volume to loudest
power—
Then ran to the window and
flung it wide
So the row would carry to Paul
outside.

And now from out of a pregnant pause
A Voice is born; it begins to croon
In a high soprano—like Jackie Law's—
That beautiful theme-song "FLATBUSH MOON" (Adv.)
And Paul, on hearing the warbled tune,
Forsakes his PTUICK and makes his way (Adv. again)
To the elevator without delay.
A slap to feel if the hip-flask leaks—
A compact gleams in the lift's dim light—
A touch of rouge to the powdered cheeks—
The tide of temptation is rising tonight!

A lip-stick handled with expert care—
A gentle pinch to the pink-lobed
ears—
A final slick to the DUCO-ed
hair— (Adv.)
Some practice mugging of tender
leers—
A quick rehearsal of torrid vows
To melt the heart of the coldest
broad—
A dampened finger on pencilled
brows—
And here's her apartment, and
now—Migawd!

His hair broke training and raised
his hat
At the Hudson Tube of the hus-
band's gat—
The gent behind it personified
Both FINKELSTEIN'S MONSTER
and MR. SNYDE! (Two Adv.)
The end had come—
He was 'on the spot'!
His brain was numb—
But his dogs were not
And, seeing the window open wide,
He took the air in a single stride!



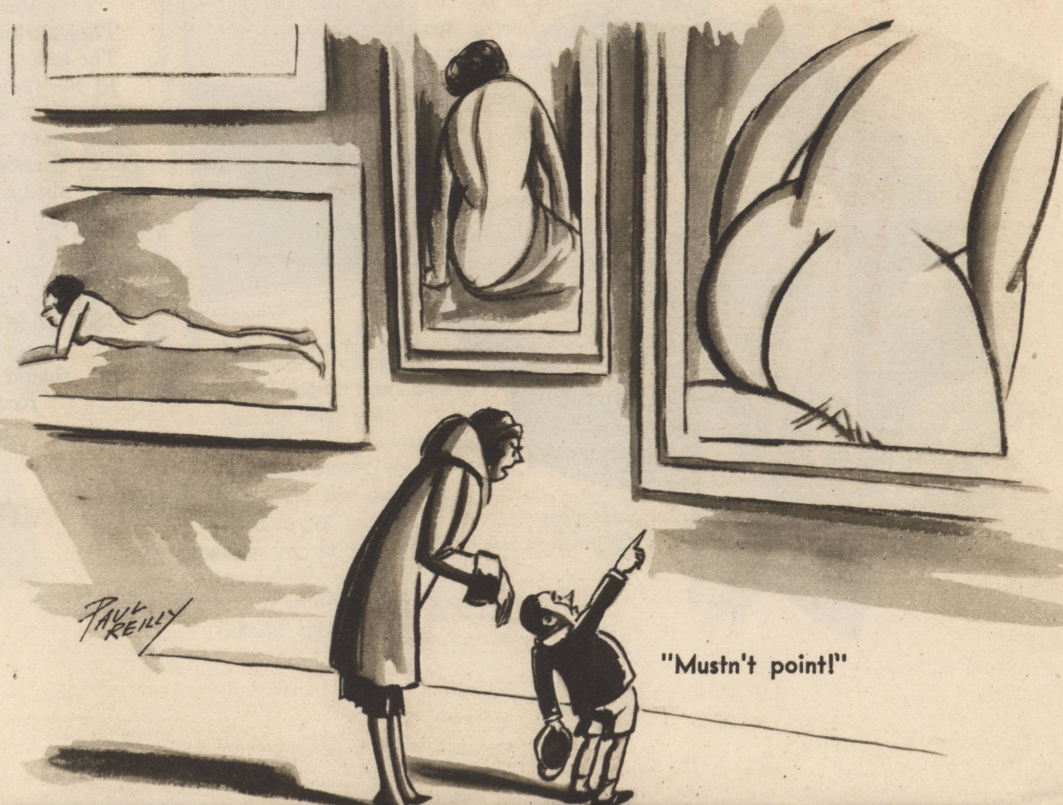
The husband snickered, "That ten-floor drop
"To a sidewalk hard as a landlord's heart
"Will call for a scraper—perhaps a mop—!"
But hark! The roar of the PTUICK'S
start!
They sprang to the window and saw below
The last of Paul and his libido
In the fading red of his tail-light's glow.

The man dumbfoundedly murmured, "The
(biological simile)!
I always thought it was just a kid
When Grimm and Andersen said they
did—
But now, by Golly, I hope to die
If I honestly haven't seen one fly!"
"So what?" said his frau. "So I feel,
my dear,
"I should have used FLIT on Paul
Revere." (Adv.)





"Say, Thorndyke, guess what! I just blew one smoke ring inside another!"



"Mustn't point!"



"Madame, your worst fault is that you have absolutely no seat."



"Mr. and Mrs. Penthouse
Jones!"

"Gee, this party is dead!"

"Let's sit out this dance."

"Just to settle a bet, mam—are you wearing a bustle?"

"My dear Mr. Twitchbutts, you have quite swept me off my feet!"

RALPH
FULLER



"Oh, Mr. Zilch!"

"See what the boys in
the back room will
have."

"My dear Mrs. Burst,
we're just made for each
other!"

"Fear not, fair lady!

"How do you feel about the five year plan, Duke?"

"Oh, why did I say I was Mark Anthony!"

As much as we regret it, we simply cannot publish all the deucedly clever drawings submitted to Ballyhoo, so we dedicate this page to those whose work we have rejected. Paste your work of art on this page, and then you can amaze your friends by saying "Here's a little thing I had in Ballyhoo this month."



"Any distinguishing marks, lady?"

THE INSIDE DOPE!

WHY SMITH AND ROOSEVELT PFFT!

As Told to Ben DeCasseres by Chambermaids and Butlers Whose Lowdown is Above Suspicion



HEAR THE TIGER ROAR

THE AL-FRANK BREAK

THE absolute truth of what caused the break between Al Smith and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt is here revealed for the first time!

It was the evening before St. Swithin's Day. The place was the library of Governor Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park, in Dutchess County. Al and Frank had settled back for a real old friendly chinfest. Cigar and trimmings had gone around and all was cheery.

The two old cronies were so thoroughly in accord on everything that conversation began to wilt. The Governor got up and turned on the

radio. A turn of the Knob of Destiny! That movement of the Governor's may cost him the Presidential nomination and election. For it was Morton Downey who came crooning over the air—Morton Downey in the presence of Al Smith, who, as all friends know, is a high-powered booster for Rudy Vallee.

"Turn that off, Frank. I can't stomach Downey. Rudy Vallee's the only crooner I can stand—the only one worth listening to. Downey makes me sick. That isn't crooning—it's wheezing."

"Why, Al, Downey is far superior to Vallee! There's neither song nor croon in Vallee; he's just a kind of whimper to me."

"Frank, how can a man of your intelligence prefer a real singer like Vallee to a piece of boloney like that fellow! He's a disgrace to the raddio—"

"Raydeo, Al. I've asked you often to get your pronunciation of that word right. It reflects on—it comes back to me—me."

"I've got it from the best college



"EAST SIDE, WETS SIDE"

"Al, if you can't listen to Downey and insist that Vallee is superior to him I wish you'd clear out."

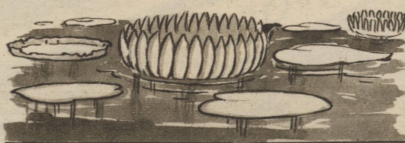
"You'll regret this, Frank. My hat goes into the ring—you get that?"

"Here's your hat—and get out! Vallee and rarebill!"

Infuriated beyond words, Al Smith here lost control of himself, something that has never happened since he left Oliver Street. He picked up a glass of ginger ale—and threw it at our Governor. Happily, Mr. Roosevelt dodged. The glass hit a picture of the Happy Warrior, in brown derby, with a long cigar in his mouth. The picture crashed to the floor.

The split was wide-open and past mending.

Ballyhoo's Who



PON'S LILY

Ballyhoo's Who



ADOLP'S OCHS

sharp that raddio ain't wrong. And you are not so hot yourself. You spoke of a Welsh rabbit over the raddio last week. Don't you know it's rarebit?"

Here Al turned off Downey. Governor Roosevelt turned the machine on again as he said:

"It's rabbit. You're the Happy Warrior all right, but your knowledge of words is almost as poor as your knowledge of singing. And don't monkey with that radio!"

Smith was now furious. So was the Governor.

Ballyhoo's Who

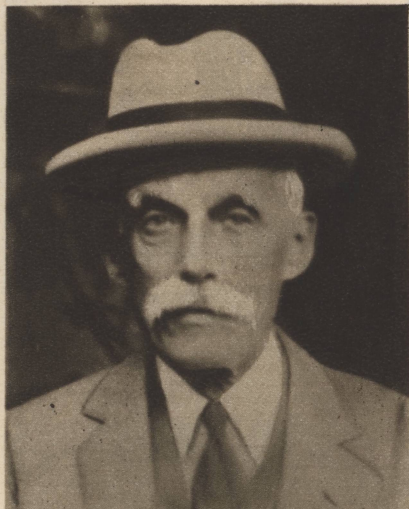


KENESAW LANDIS' MOUNTAIN

THE INSIDE DOPE!

WHY MR. MELLON WENT TO LONDON!

The Inside Story of Why the Treasury Lost a Perfectly Good Secretary



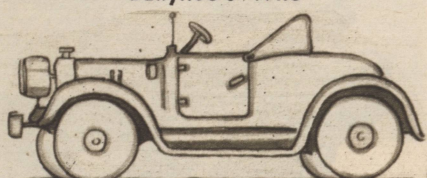
MELON-CHOLIA!

ANOTHER MELON CUT

THOSE who live or who have stopped in the Hotel Washington, directly opposite the United States Treasury, in Washington, will recall the mysterious piccolo that kept them awake at nights. Not only were continuous complaints registered at the desk of the hotel about this sleep-destroying nuisance but many other complaints were made to the police from those who lived in the neighborhood.

There was no doubt that the piccolo was being played in the Treasury Building, but all effort to locate the room from which it came were futile. Every nook and corner of the huge building was searched for a piccolo, but nothing was ever found. What made matters worse was that the mysterious player played only one air, night after night, the sweet and sentimental "The Last Rose of Summer."

Ballyhoo's Who



H. KAHN'S OTTO

But the Secret Service, which had taken the matter up after the police had found the search hopeless, solved the matter. The solution was so absurd, so publicity-provocative, that it could only be revealed personally to President Hoover by the head of the Secret Service Department himself.

The day after the report of the head of the Secret Service Department to the President, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, got an invitation from Mr. Hoover to dine with him the following evening.

Over the coffee and cigars, after Mrs. Hoover had left the table to the two great men, the President said, suddenly turning point-blank on Mr. Mellon:

"Andy, how would you like to take your piccolo to the Court of St. James?"

"Mr. President!" exclaimed the Secretary of the Treasury. His face,



"Who called that piccolo player—"

Ballyhoo's Who



LADY DRUMMOND'S HAY

always extremely pale, had blenched to a fine lobster-cardinal. "Have you been—spying on me?"

"Complaint from the neighborhood, Andy. Why do you go into your office late at night and play 'The Last Rose of Summer' on a piccolo? Aren't we ridiculous enough in the eyes of the nation as it is?"

"Mr. President" (and now the Secretary of the Treasury had resumed his normally cold and decisive tone and demeanor), "I stand on my rights. I can do anything I want in my office building. It is a whim—I have an urge to play my piccolo there every night, and—"

"Your office building, Andy!" exclaimed Mr. Hoover, waxing sarcastic for the first time in a long international career. "Well, I won't discuss that with you. You either quit immediately playing the piccolo at night in

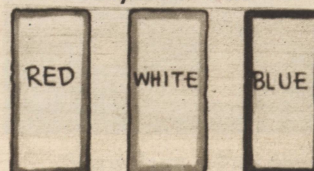
the Treasury Building or I'll have to ask for your resignation—which means the Court of St. James. The party can't afford to have you unattached during your lifetime. You might begin to recollect things for Winchell, Liberty or Collier's. Which is it? Do you want to keep your Treasury job or take the piccolo and 'The Last Rose of Summer' to London?"

"Mr. President, if you lay around the Treasury Building at one o'clock to-morrow morning—you'll hear my piccolo—my solace and my pride."

Mr. Hoover touched a button. A secretary appeared. The President dictated to the latter a letter of resignation, which Mr. Mellon signed, and then a letter appointing Mr. Mellon Ambassador to Great Britain.

After which Mr. Mellon pulled his piccolo out of his pocket and serenaded the President with "The Last Rose of Summer."

Ballyhoo's Who



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES



The Ventriloquist visits a Broadcasting studio.

THE PRIZE WINNERS!

In Ballyhoo's \$50,000 Camera Contest!

OVER 350,000 photographs were submitted in Ballyhoo's famous Camera Contest, and it took the Judges working day and night at Frank and Jack's speakeasy over two weeks to decide the winners.

The whole thing finally ended in a tie, so an overtime period was played and the Rangers won 3-2, with Pipgrass up and the bases full.

Ballyhoo wishes to congratulate the winners and also wishes to thank the 350,000 contestants for their enthusiastic response.



FIRST PRIZE—\$25,000.00
"Snow Storm," by Eugene Hutchinson Burp



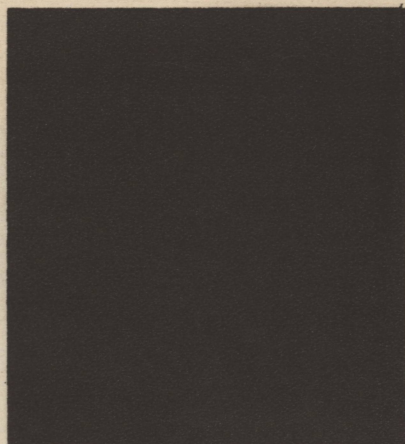
SECOND PRIZE—\$10,000.49
"Summer Idyl," by Cheney Alfred Jonson



THIRD PRIZE—\$39,465.31
"Seascape," by LeJaren Hiller Zilch



FOURTH PRIZE—\$1.80
"Coyneess," by J. Hare Knowles



FIFTH PRIZE—\$18,680.00
"Night Over Taos," by Oswald Twitch



SIXTH PRIZE—\$785,689.59
"Men About Town," by Paul Reilly



"In the heat of the Presidential Campaign the chances are the public wouldn't notice if we put up the price of our Goodie-Goodie bar half a cent."



"Do you—er—mind if I use my car?"



"Here, keep him for a month, he swallowed the rent!"



Jimmie: "New York's a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here!"



"No, it won't do! It's gotta make me hungry!"



"You'll have to make it snappy, Madam, we're going to shut off the water!"



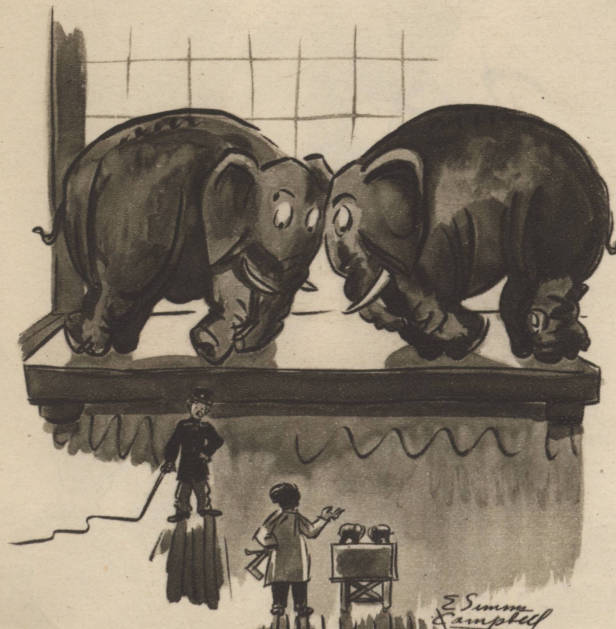
"Oh I don't mind being insulted if it's in a nice, gentlemanly way."



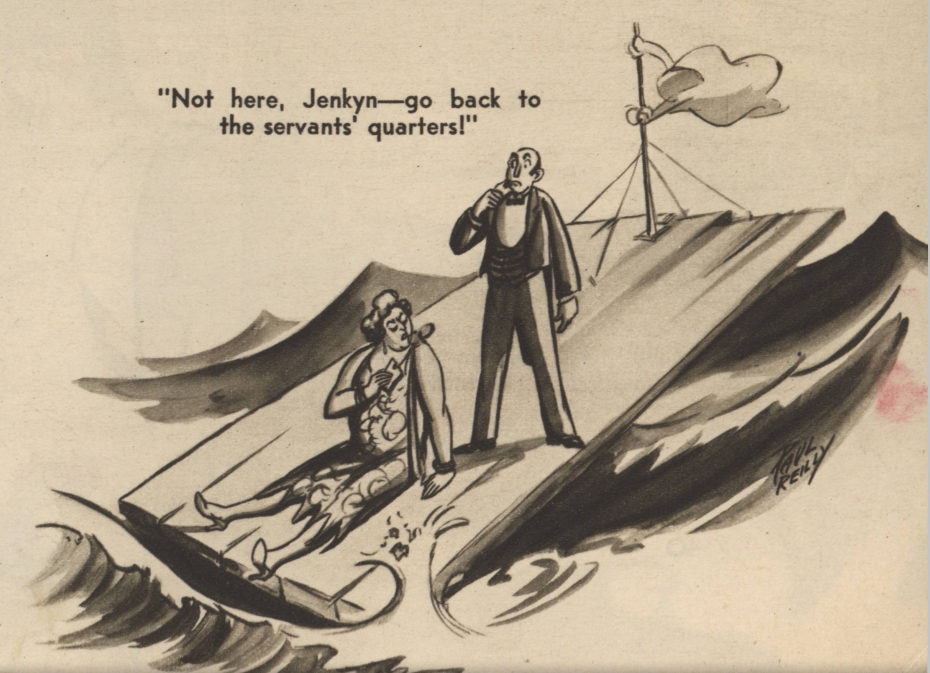
"See that pin-head, Miss Birch? That's me!"



"Why don't you get adjustables?"



Bookend Sculptor: "That'll"



"Not here, Jenkyn—go back to the servants' quarters!"



"Sorry, Mr. Burp isn't with us any more."



"I don't know who you are, young man, but you can't hold hands with ME!"

"Oh, Major! You don't *really* think the drawing room more dangerous than the battlefield."



RE

Don't let footaches
age your face



How about headaches from reading the advertise-
ments?

TOO BAD SHE CAN'T TALK AND SMILE WITHOUT SHOWING THOSE DIRTY TEETH!

DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE EVER BRUSHES THEM?

42

**"I HOPE THE
MAN I MARRY
SMOKES
A PIPE"**



Two Royal Princesses of Greece

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

If it does not hurt your *fingernails*
it certainly will not scratch
your *Bathtub*

THE ADS

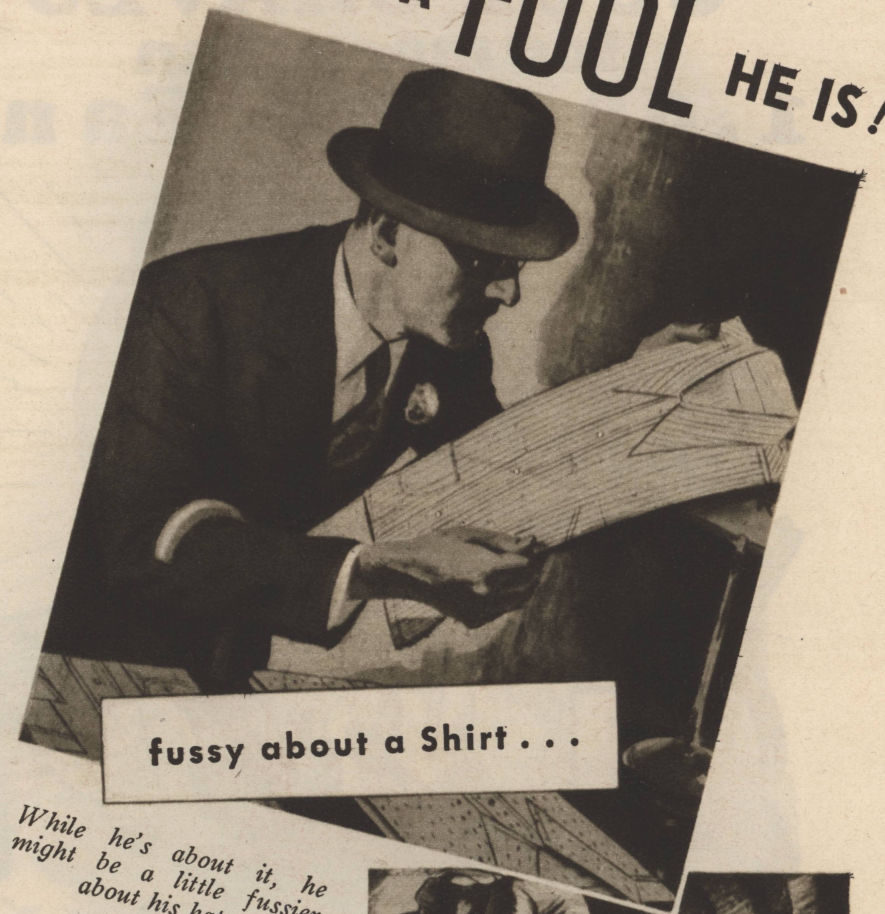


“I’d *love* to go, but nobody wants me ---I’m just too fat”

CAN YOUR SKIN
STAND THE
Girls-eye View?



WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



fussy about a Shirt . . .

While he's about it, he
might be a little fussier
about his hats.



The new
weapon
in the
war on

CRIME!

Police turn to
RADIO TELEPHONE
for help



*Migawd, they've even got the
poor policemen phoning for
help.*

COOL SHAVES for more than 1,000,000 Fans



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

LATHER UP! In the final standings of the Chin-Bush League, Ingram's leads its rivals by a cool, cool shave. No nicks, no burns, no terrors! For the Ingram battery sets down your whiskers in 1-2-3 order and never, never spikes your face! It's

cool!! Cool!! COOL!!!

The famous blue jar and the blue and white tube contain the same cooling shaving cream. Hundreds of thousands hail the jar as the most economical package ever made. Just as many more think the tube is more convenient.

Deliberately we made Ingram's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed the chin of man! Every jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that tone your face while you're shaving! That's the secret of Ingram's great

success! It does the work of a shaving cream, a tonic, and a lotion all in one!

No scrapes, no smarts, no cuts—when Ingram's is the basis of your lather!

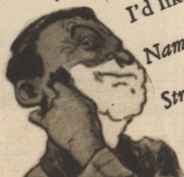
Go straight to your druggist and ask for the tube or demand the jar—which-ever you prefer. That's the quickest way to get acquainted with Ingram's.

Or, if you'd like to, try it at our expense. We'll be delighted to send you a sample and give you your first ten Ingram shaves **FREE!** We know you'll want more. Clip the coupon!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES
OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. X-62,
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____
Street _____ State _____
City _____



Become A Crooner!

Vallee did it!
Crosby did it!
Columbo did it!

Why Not You?



Horace J. Twitchbottom of Flathead, Montana, who became a sensational success overnight with the Croono.



*The
Little
Croono*

WHEN inserted in the mouth, the little CROONO changes the ordinary singing voice into a beautiful croon. No matter how base your voice, it comes out in a soft moo.

Amaze your friends with the little CROONO. Be the life of every party. Earn big money, just like Rudy Vallee, crooning over the radio!

Here Is What People Say About the Little CROONO

"Since using the Little Croono, my wife has left me."
—Otto Burp, Pansy, Ohio

"I made \$50 in less than a week with the Little Croono. Everybody paid me to stop singing."
—Hi Tonsils, Detroit, Mich.

"My father-in-law swallowed one of your Little Croonos. Now he croons two ways."
—Louis Whiffle, Astoria, L. I.

Croono Manufacturing Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

*Owned and operated by the Croon
Prince of Sweden*

IN THE PINK OF CONDITION!



THE ERLY BOIDS GET THE WOIMS!

These five stenographic beauties keep fit by erling their typewriters with 4-IN-ONE ERL. 4-IN-ONE ERL protects all their working parts from rust and tarnish.



FREE—Send for our free booklet "Oils Well" which gives 7,286 new uses for 4-IN-ONE ERL.

If you want a smooth running office, hand out the oil freely. We make a special oil, made from bananas, for this purpose. It is especially good for pouring on troubled water: and also acts as a protection against promoters, stock salesmen, insurance agents, poor relations, visiting friends, etc.

KEEP A CAN AT HOME

Tune in on the 4-IN-ONE ERL program, and hear Rusty Columbo sing "Why Not Take Oil of Me?"

4-IN-ONE ERL

GOOD TO DRINK NICE ON STRAWBERRIES REMOVES FRECKLES ERLS

"YOUR ANNOUNCER—"
(As far as I'm concerned)

James Ollendorf

Ollie undertakes to speak
Every tongue from French to Greek,
Faking with the sound effects
All the tougher dialects—
Linguists class his proud phonetics
With the better-class emetics.

Frank Trite

When an effort must be made
To attract the carriage trade,
Sponsors hasten to enlist
Frank, the Genteel Verbalist—
who, however, can't avoid a
Pitfall such as **cherce** or **moidah**.

Con Fusing

Con has reached that proud estate
Where one Christian-names the
Great,
And is likely to employ
Words like **herd** and **hoi polloi**—
Socialists have often planned a
Less effective propaganda.

John R. Godd

With an ego overblown.
At a by-line of his own,
John purverys his toiletries
using **must** instead of **please**—
In reaction to his hauteur
Many use **three** parts of wateur.

Nobodies

Those whose quiet tones express
Unobtrusive friendliness
And who say their little say
In an unaffected way,
Never seem to reach the bracket
With the Big Shots in the racket.
(Rhyme by permission of several
copyright owners.)

—John Hume.



"Come on Gus, she's gotta friend!"

BECOME A TOUCHER UPPER!



MAKE THIS 10-SECOND TEST

SEE the pretty lady above! the mouths of beautiful ladies,
Can you spoil her fea- try this 10-second test NOW!
tures in 10 seconds?

If you can put a mustache,
or a beard on her, you have
natural talent and are quali-
fied to enter our Home Train-
ing Course.

If you long to mess up
advertisements: if your heart
cries out to paint pipes in

Our graduates make their
marks all over the world!
Good Toucher Uppers are al-
ways in demand. They don't
make any money, but they
have a hell of a lot of fun!

Send in your 10-second
sketch, and we'll tell you
you have great talent.

TWITCH TOUCHER UPPER SCHOOL

Markham



Missouri

There's more Chicle in it *that's what makes it better*

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA

CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM



"Double" and "Redouble"
the pleasure of every smoke

When you are smoking steadily . . . heavily . . . try a stick of Beech-Nut Gum . . . between smokes. It makes the next smoke taste better! "Doubles" and "redoubles" your smoking pleasure.

SPEARMINT
BEECH-NUT BRAND
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CHICLE
CHewing GUM

WINTER
BEECH-NUT BRAND
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CHICLE
CHewing GUM

GREEN
BEECH-NUT BRAND
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CHICLE
CHewing GUM

PEPPERMINT
BEECH-NUT BRAND
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CHICLE
CHewing GUM

BEECH-NUT GUM
COPYRIGHT BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. MAIN OFFICE: CANAL SHARIE, N.Y. U.S.A.

There's more Chuckle in it *that's what makes it better*

It's the chuckle that makes the big difference in chewing gums. Beech-Nerts contains more chuckle than any other gum—anything for a laugh!

You can't chew Beech-Nerts without—giggling your head off. In this way you grow fat and happy, develop a charming personality and a handsome Jaw.

Beech-Nerts Gum



**Just the thing
between smokes**

Chew Beech-Nerts between smokes. If you smoke 40 cigs a day that's eight packs of gum, but what the hell—think of the pleasure!

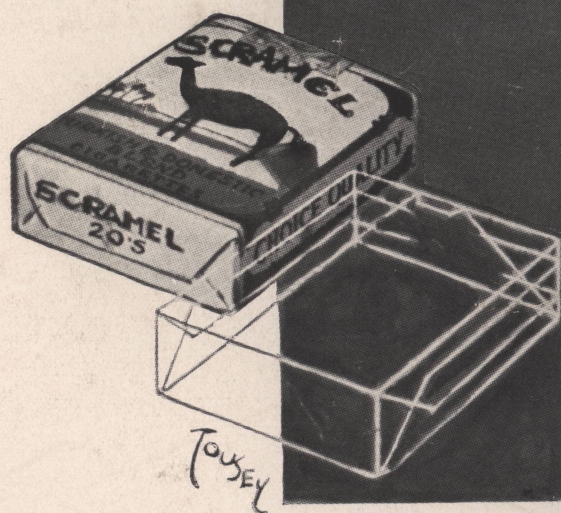
QUEER
BEECH-NERTS BRAND
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CHICLE
CHewing GUM

WINTER
BEECH-NERTS BRAND
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.
CHICLE
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**"You like 'em FRESH?
So do I, Dearie!"**

● "Are youse listenin'? Would you like to talk like Tony Wons or Morton Downey? Then smoke Scramels! And by the way, don't remove the cellophane wrapper from the Scramel package. Buy a cigar instead. All is well."

You don't have to tell a woman and awake! It's the same way the benefits of fresh guys. At least they keep you on your toes with Scramels. They're so fresh they're insulting.

SCRAMELS

